Enter the Queene.

Qu. Oh who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my ſoule,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne, our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue *I* in thy ſorrow,
As *I* had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And *I* for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which grieues me when *I* ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee,
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cauſe haue *I*
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments.
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eies,
That *I* being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world.
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo, Edward.

Ambo.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare L. Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. *What* ſtaie had *I* but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. *What* ſtaie had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. *What* ſtaies had *I* but they, and they are gone?

Qu. *Was* euer widow, had ſo deare a loſſe?

Am. *Was* euer Orphanes had a dearer loſſe?

Dut. *Was* euer mother had a dearer loſſe?
Alas, *I* am the mother of theſe mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and ſo do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe babes for Clarence weepe, and ſo do *I*:
I for an Edward, and ſo do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold diſtreſt,
Powre all your teares, *I* am your ſorrowes nurſe,
And *I* will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloſter,*

Gl. Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cauſe *with others,*
To waile the dimming of our ſhining ſtarre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, *I* do cry you mercie,
I did not ſee your grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
Thats the but end of my mothers bleſſing:
I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?

Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart ſorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue ſpent our harueſt for this king,
We are to reape the harueſt of his ſonne:
The broken rancour of your high ſwolne hearts,
But lately ſplinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and kept.
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our king.

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